

CAPTAIN'S STORY OF APPAM'S MANY ADVENTURES

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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One Halfpenny.

UNDERGROUND TRAIN'S ESCAPE IN THE ZEPPELIN RAID ON
PARIS: FUTILE OUTRAGE OF NO MILITARY VALUE.



One of the ruined houses. Note how the bed is hanging over the floor.

A few more innocent victims have paid their lives for the Kaiser's mania for grandeur and cruelty. But otherwise the gasbags' raid on Paris was utterly futile, as the strategical advantage to the enemy was nil. One bomb completely pierced the



President Poincaré views the damage.



The hole at the underground railway.



Bomb which did not explode.

roadway and the tube of the Metropolitan Railway near one of the stations. Fortunately, a train filled to overflowing had just left the station. President Poincaré viewed the damage and visited the injured in hospital.

16 KILLED IN PARIS EXPRESS SMASH.

British in the Casualty List, Which Includes 45 Injured.

FLAMING CARRIAGES.

Sixteen passengers are stated to have been killed and forty-five injured by the accident to the Calais-Paris express at St. Denis, near Paris, on Tuesday.

Six coaches were thrown off the rails, and the wrecked carriages were fired by escaping gas. Many passengers were burnt to death. Several of the victims are stated to be of British nationality.

SIX COACHES, THROWN OFF LINE.

PARIS, Feb. 2.—The accident to the Calais express occurred at ten minutes past seven last night on the Northern line, near St. Denis Station.

The express, which usually arrives at the Gare du Nord at 6.30 p.m., was twenty minutes late, and this appears to have brought about the mistake which caused the accident.

It appears that the express was beginning to slow down when it was struck slantwise by a goods train. The impact was terrific, the engine, tender and six carriages being derailed.

GAS CYLINDERS EXPLODE.

The gas cylinders supplying light to the train exploded, and the escaping gas caught fire. The wrecked carriages were soon ablaze, and an indescribable scene of agony followed.

Many of the injured persons were unable to escape from the blazing debris and were burned to death. The work of rescue was quickly proceeded with, and at ten o'clock last night it was stated that twelve bodies and twenty-five injured passengers had been removed from the wreckage. —Exchange Special.

A Reuter message says the train had just passed St. Denis Station, and was nearing the "Pont de la Revolté," when the engine ran off the rails to the left, dragging four coaches with it.

FIFTY MILES AN HOUR.

The train was running at a speed of between fifty and sixty miles an hour, and three coaches also left the rails on the right.

The overturned coaches were smashed to bits, and from the wreckage arose the piercing cries of women and children.

Assistance was speedily forthcoming from the St. Denis firemen, and Zouaves from the town were among those who helped to rescue the passengers.

Six bodies were taken to the Morgue at St. Denis, and ten injured were conveyed to the local hospital, of whom two died shortly after admittance.

Two more bodies burnt almost to a cinder are in the signal-box.

FIREMEN TACKLE THE FLAMES.

PARIS, Feb. 1.—The portion of the train which became derailed was added to the express at Amiens.

At half-past ten this evening soldiers with hydraulic jacks raised the coaches to release the victims who were pinned beneath the wreckage, now a mass of charred and shapeless timber.

The remains of the victims wrapped in sheets were deposited at the St. Denis railway station.

The engine of the express jumped clean off the rails and fell over on its side. The tender and luggage van which followed it were telescoped by the sudden stoppage of the train, and a first-class carriage next to them was overturned and completely destroyed, while a second-class coach and three third-class coaches were severely damaged.

Firemen were still playing on the flames at 10.40. Searchlights have been set up to assist in the work of rescue.

The engine-driver and the fireman of the express escaped without receiving the slightest injury.

AIRMAN'S FATAL FLIGHT.

Lieutenant J. S. Reed, of the East Kent Regiment, attached to the Royal Flying Corps, has met with a fatal accident while on a flight with Lieutenant Browning at Farnborough.

In attempting to bring the biplane to earth some 200 yards in the air Lieutenant Browning lost control, and the machine fell nose downwards.

Lieutenant Reed died from laceration of the brain a few hours after an operation, and Lieutenant Browning is in a serious condition.

LISTEN TO A TALE OF WOE.

MALDEN, Feb. 2.—Travellers from Lisbon state that the Minister of Justice was fired at by a man with a revolver.

The Minister, they say, fired back without effect.

The travellers also narrate that a fire, which was soon extinguished, broke out at Belen Palace, the presidential residence.

A motor-fire-engine, which was returning to its station, collided with a tramway-car, and two men were injured.

Bombs have exploded in various parts of Lisbon.

In the recent disturbances it is stated that seventeen soldiers and policemen were wounded. —Reuter.

"GAITERS AND BAGS."

Judge's Amusing Comment in Husband's Action Against Wife.

THREE DOGS IN BEDROOM.

An unusual action between husband and wife came before Mr. Justice Rowlatt in the King's Bench Division yesterday.

Mr. H. R. Webster, of Old House, Upton-on-Severn, sought an injunction against his wife, to whom he was married in July last year, to restrain her from wrongfully pledging his credit.

Mr. Justice Rowlatt eventually gave judgment for the defendant with costs, holding that no grounds had been shown for an injunction.

A stay of execution was granted on terms with a view to an appeal.

Mr. Webster's case, counsel said, was that at the end of September his wife went to live in London, and had run up bills to close on £1,000.

Plaintiff, who stated that he was sixty years of age, said his wife was much younger.

He had recently closed his house at Upton, but he intended to reopen it if his wife returned. His income was about £1,300 a year.

Mr. Justice Rowlatt, looking at the bills, stated that the items included a solid gold chain for £42 10s. and a watch and three rings for £500.

Mr. Matthews, K.C., cross-examining: Did you insist on three dogs sleeping in the bedroom when you brought your wife there?

Witness: In my bedroom? Yes.

Counsel: And your wife occupied it. You insisted on three old dogs sleeping there?

Witness: I never insisted.

Counsel examined witness as to items in the accounts submitted.

Mr. Matthews: It was a little encouraging to your wife to extend her credit when you supplied her with five pairs of gaiters. (Laughter.)

Witness: They were my gaiters, not hers.

Mr. Justice Rowlatt: He likes gaiters; she likes dog bags.

GERMAN BARBER FINED.

£50 Penalty for Making Statements Likely to Prejudice Recruiting.

Saying that he did not feel inclined to whittle the penalty down to any amount which was not substantial, Mr. Hopkins, at Bow-street yesterday, inflicted a fine of £50 upon Stanislaus Olaszewski, fifty-six, a German, carrying on business as a ladies' hairdresser in Croubourn-street, Leicester-square, who was charged with making statements likely to prejudice recruiting.

Olaszewski had admitted writing a letter to the recruiting officer stating that he could not allow William Edward Pickance to join his Majesty's Forces. Two Englishmen employed by him had also received a similar letter.

William Edward Pickance said he joined the Army in December, and that he had a conversation with prisoner who said he did not wish him to join.

Prisoner said he was very foolish to give up his situation and join the Army.

On January 22 he was discharged by prisoner. Augustin Olaszewski, son of the prisoner, said that his father had no real objection to his joining the Army, but that he was useful in the business, and that there was still time.

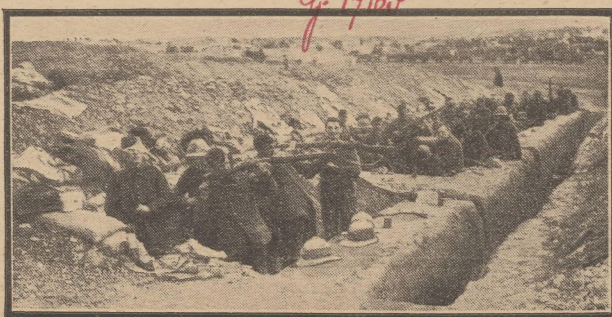
Prisoner, in the box, said that he registered as an alien enemy, but was later simply described as an alien.

He discharged Pickance because he had great influence over his son, and he wished to break off the relationship.

Mr. Hopkins did not think prisoner's reason for discharging Pickance was because he had joined the Army, but that he, prisoner, had deceived and impeded his servants from joining and had put his own convenience before the necessities of the country.

TURKISH PRINCE'S SUICIDE.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 2.—A Constantinople telegram of to-day's date says that the Turkish heir-apparent, Prince Yussuf Izzeddin, has committed suicide owing to illness. H.R.H. cut his arteries at his palace this morning. —Reuter.



Cleaning up after coming down from the trenches at Suva.—(Official photograph from the East.)

"PROTECTION."

Board of Trade Sub-Committee Recommends Tariff Wall.

ENCOURAGE NEW INDUSTRIES.

"British manufacturers who are ready to undertake the manufacture of articles of vital importance to the national safety or essential to other industries which have fallen in the hands of manufacturers of other countries should be afforded sufficient tariff protection to enable them to maintain such production after the war."

This outspoken declaration in favour of protection is made in the report of a sub-committee of the Advisory Committee to the Board of Trade, which has held an inquiry as to what measures could be taken for securing the position after the war of certain branches of British industry.

The report of this sub-committee was published yesterday, and contains many other interesting recommendations.

One recommendation is that larger funds should be allocated to the promotion of scientific and industrial research and training, and that universities should be encouraged to maintain and extend research work devoted to the needs of the main industries in their districts.

Efforts should be continued to secure uniformity of patent laws throughout the Empire.

The law as to the compulsory working of patents in the United Kingdom should be more rigorously enforced.

All German and Austrian goods imported into the United Kingdom should be marked with an indelible mark "Made in Germany" or "Made in Austria-Hungary."

Goods from other foreign countries should be similarly marked with the country of origin or with the words "Foreign made" or "Not British."

Alien firms should be prohibited from registering in the United Kingdom trade marks containing English words.

Canals should be improved and extended. The establishment of a Ministry of Commerce charged solely with the safeguarding and extension of British industry should be considered anew.

U BOATS, MINES AND FOG.

£80,000 Ship Avoids Two Dangers But Succumbs to Third.

The dangers of submarines and mines were avoided only for the ship to run ashore in a fog.

That was the story told at the Board of Trade inquiry into the stranding of the ss. Finchley at Caxton Hall yesterday.

Mr. Lyeester, again presided, and was assisted by Captain A. S. Houston and Captain Fawcett as assessors.

At the previous hearing in December it was stated that the value of the ss. Finchley was estimated at £80,000.

The captain's story was that the weather was foggy, and that he allowed for the tide setting him out from the land.

After the vessel stranded he found that the tide was setting him in towards the land.

He had since heard that there was a magnetic disturbance which upset the compasses.

Albert Edward Forrest, the second mate, said yesterday that it was not always advisable to rely upon the patent log.

During the afternoon of August 20 the fog lifted and he sighted the lighthouse at Cape Orlov.

Just before the vessel struck a dense fog came on.

The next day he saw other vessels which had gone nearer the land than himself stranded on the other side of Trey Island.

Replying to Mr. Higgs (for the master), he said that he had no doubt that there were submarines about.

Three Government trawlers came along to take off the cargo and a submarine was sighted, and the commander of the trawlers ordered all lights out.

He also saw a mine explode half a mile from the Finchley.

Judgment will be delivered on Monday next.

DOES THE WAR MAKE BAD BOYS?

Escapades That Have Ended with Birch or Reformatory.

"IDLE HANDS OR MINDS."

Does war make bad boys?

It would almost seem as if it did. You can hardly open the newspaper without encountering the story of some boyish escapade that ended either with the birch or with the reformatory school. At Tottenham, it seems, there is no room for any more bad boys in the children's home.

Discussing the question with *The Daily Mirror*, Mr. Arthur Black, honorary secretary of the Ragged School Union, said:—"It should always be borne in mind that one bad leader may infect a whole group."

"At the same time, I should be quite prepared to hear that there has been an increase in the number of juvenile offences."

INFLUENCE REMOVED.

"So many of the influences on boys are removed. In thousands of cases their fathers are away. Some of the best of the day school and Sunday school teachers are now with the colours. Many of our mission schools are practically deserted by young men."

"I shouldn't like to estimate the number of boy scout companies and church lads' brigades that have had to be closed down owing to the war."

"And I very much doubt whether the cinema has had, on the whole, a very elevating influence. Some of the films are frankly deplorable. And even the best of them tend to make boys and girls, to some extent, dissatisfied with the war."



The Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior, who has contributed the splendid sum of £500 to *The Daily Mirror* Nurse Cavell Memorial Fund. Only £400 more is required to make up the £10,000 which is the total aimed for. —(Vandyk.)

fied with the old type of entertainment that was certainly more helpful on the moral side?"

"How is it all to be remedied?" Mr. Black was asked.

"More, I think, by personal effort, well organised, than by anything else."

"Boys go wrong because there is not enough for them to do, and there are not the leaders to guide them at present."

"We are appealing now for teachers and workers to come and take the place of the men who have enlisted."

"If a lot of the men now at the front come back from the war, thoroughly endued with the religious spirit, and fling themselves into work among boys, we may hope to more than recover the position before the war."

"In any case it is easy to exaggerate the gravity of the situation. Boys will be boys, you know. They want some understanding, but they are quite amenable to influence when you do understand them."

LOOK OUT FOR THE ECLIPSE!

The first of three solar eclipses due this year will take place to-day, and will be visible over Great Britain and Ireland and a certain portion of Western Europe.

A partial eclipse only will be visible in the United Kingdom, the totality being observable only in portions of the Pacific Oceans. In London the beginning of the eclipse is timed for 4.30 p.m., about a quarter of an hour before sunset.

£1,000 TO BRING DOWN A ZEP.

Mr. Joseph Cowen, of Stella Hall, Blaydon-on-Tyne, proprietor of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, announces that he will present £1,000 to the crew of the first aircraft to bring down a German Zeppelin in the British Isles or British territorial waters.

Mr. Cowen, who is an hon. colonel of the Tyne-side Irish Brigade, some months ago offered £500 to the first airman to bring down a Zeppelin.

Read "My Account of the Great War," by Shop Girl, on page 5.

MYSTERY NO. 2 IN APPAM DRAMA: WHO IS BERG? WHAT IS THE MOEWE?

Our Ambassador Demands
Release of Liner.

TRAMP'S FALSE FRONT

Fifteen Men of Clan Liner Killed
in Fight with Raider.

SECOND PRIZE ON WAY?

A REAL CAPTAIN KETTLE.

Until two days ago Lieutenant Berg, who brought the Appam to Newport News, Virginia, U.S.A., was an unknown German. To-day he has demonstrated that Captain Kettle's exploits were quite mild compared with what can be achieved in real life.

The story is still wrapped in mystery. Anyway, a tramp steamer, called the Moewe, which apparently came from "Nowhere," succeeded in capturing eight ships, 400 men and a large sum of gold.

The Corbridge, of Cardiff (3,687 tons), captured by the Moewe, had a prize crew on board, and nothing more has been heard of her. Presumably she is on her way to port.

PROBLEM OF APPAM'S FATE.

Sir Cecil Spring Rice, the British Ambassador in America, has formally asked for the release of the Appam.

Several questions will arise out of the Appam affair. On the ultimate fate of the German crew, passengers and ship much hangs. One theory greatly favoured is that the Germans have some scheme to be used against President Wilson.

ZEPPELIN JOY.

The Huns seem unable to contain themselves over the alleged success of Monday's Zeppelin raid.

It is quite clear from their extravagant boasts that the reason the Germans came over here was to hearten themselves rather than dishearten us. The Germans need something to stir their interest in the war.

DID MOEWE ESCAPE FROM AZORES A YEAR AGO?

Riddle of the German Corsair and Berg the Buccaneer.

Who is Lieutenant Berg? Where is the Moewe now, where did she come from, and what is her identity?

The original belief that the Appam was captured by a German submarine appears to be untrue. It now seems certain that an armed German merchant ship, disguised as a British tramp steamer, performed the task. This ship is said to have been the Moewe.

In the best informed circles, says a Reuter Washington message, the idea is scouted that the Moewe slipped through from Kiel disguised as a Swedish merchantman, and reached the scene of her piratical exploits by going round the North Coast of Scotland.

It is thought that she is a German merchant ship, which got out of port in the Azores nearly a year ago and has not been heard of since.

The lieutenant describes himself as a lieutenant of naval reserve, formerly master of a merchantman, and a subordinate officer of the Moewe.

A riddle yet to be solved is how the Moewe obtained her armament.

Of five German steamers of the name of Moewe in Lloyd's list only one seems at all capable of bearing any armament sufficient for the task attributed to the Appam's captor. She is a 1,250-ton steamer, belonging to the Argo Steamship Company, of Bremen.

RAN THE GAUNTLET?

If the Argo steamer Moewe is the one referred to the mystery is added to, for in order to get to the position near the Canary Islands, where the Appam is reported to have been captured, she must have run the gauntlet of the British corvettes patrolling the North Sea or the Channel.

Shipping men, on the whole, seem to agree that unless the Argo's Moewe was on some unusual voyage when war broke out some other ship must have been concerned.

A search of the files of the *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette* reveals the fact that no news of the Moewe can be traced since June 25, 1914. She was reported on that date as being at Gravesend, where she had arrived from Bremen. Apparently she left the same day.



German prisoners at exercise at Dorchester. An armed guard walks with them.

APPAM CAPTAIN'S STORY OF DISGUISED RAIDER.

Forecastle That Fell Away and Showed Huge Guns.

New York, Feb. 1.—A telegram from Norfolk (Virginia) states that the liner Appam is still lying under the guns of Fortress Mifflin. She will remain there until the State Department has determined her status.

The Customs authorities hope to be able to send the vessel to Norfolk or Newport News tomorrow (Wednesday) and to permit the civilian passengers to go ashore.

Meanwhile, although the vessel has been on short rations, the passengers when seen to-day were apparently happy, and were walking about the decks.

The story of Captain Harrison, the master of the Appam, as related to the pilot, Foster, who brought the Appam into port, was like fiction. The day was bright and clear when the vessel was captured," the captain said.

"She was travelling at a fair speed when we sighted what appeared to be an ordinary tramp steamer, which gradually came closer. Suddenly the tramp fired across our bows. I immediately gave two.

FOE PRISONERS FREED.

"Simultaneously the tramp's false forecastle head, which was apparently made of canvas, fell away, revealing a battery of huge guns! "We surrendered without offering any resistance.

"A prize crew boarded the Appam under the cover of the guns of the raider and disarmed the crew, who were locked in various cabins. "Twenty German prisoners who were aboard were liberated and assisted the prize crew."

A large number of prisoners from vessels that the raider had sunk were removed to the Appam.

When a start was made for Hampton Roads a German was stationed at the wireless apparatus to receive messages, but was ordered to send none, as this method might have revealed the whereabouts to British cruisers, which Lieutenant Berg, the commander of the prize crew, naturally tried to avoid.

The crew and the passengers were exercised daily in small numbers at a time. Thus it was easy for the few Germans to control several hundred captives.

The pilot added the passengers made no complaint of their treatment.—Reuter.

MOEWE'S EXCITING FIGHT WITH CLAN LINER.

NORFOLK (Virginia), Feb. 2.—A thrilling account of the Moewe's activities was given Mr. Hamilton, collector of customs, by Lieutenant Berg.

He said the capture of the Appam occurred sixty miles north of Madeira on January 16. On January 17 the Moewe engaged the Clan MacTavish, which sank after an exciting fight, fifteen men of the Clan MacTavish being killed. Later, acting on orders, and the commander of the Moewe, Lieutenant Berg headed the Appam for America.

The Appam had one gun mounted when she was captured. The Moewe removed this. On January 10 the Moewe sank the Farringford, and also captured and put a prize crew on the Corbridge, which carried coal.

On January 13 the Dromonby was encountered. She offered no resistance, and was sunk. The same raider sank the Author and the Trader.

On the 15th the Ariadne was sent to the bottom with a cargo of wheat.

Next day two shots were fired at the Appam, which the Moewe approached flying the British flag and exchanging salutes.

When close enough to cross the Appam's bows, the Moewe hoisted the German flag and lowered her false forecastle, disclosing her armament.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—A message from Norfolk states that O. H. Oliver, the second steward of the Appam, dropped a note through the port-hole, stating that six of the Moewe's crew were killed in the fight with the Clan MacTavish.—Exchange.

LINER'S PASSENGERS TO BE RELEASED.

Notice Declaring Appam a Prize is Issued and Withdrawn.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—Late to-day the State Department announced that the Neutrality Board had decided that the Appam was a prize.

The announcement was almost immediately withdrawn, but the general impression is that this decision was actually reached by the Board. It is not binding on the Government, but is expected to influence the action of the State Department.

The State Department has asked the Customs authorities to release the passengers on board the Appam, subject to any action which the Immigration authorities may take.

Mr. Hamilton, collector of Customs at Norfolk, does not believe that the Moewe captured the liner, but thinks that some other armed merchantman, probably a larger and faster vessel, was responsible for the exploit.—Reuter.

ALLIES SWEEP ACROSS WEST AFRICA.

British Join Hands with French After Seizing More Towns.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The War Office issued the following communiqué last night:—

General Dobell, telegraphing from West Africa on February 1, reports that the Moewe was captured by Colonel Haywood's column on January 25 with slight loss, and after defeating the enemy in another engagement two days later Colonel Haywood occupied Nkan.

This column is in touch with the French troops under Lieutenant Colonel Lemellou. Another British column under Colonel Coles occupied Lolodors on January 23.

Large enemy convoys continue to pass into Mali, Spanish Guinea.

The War Office last night issued the following:—

A report has been received by General Smith-Barry to the effect that the small post of Kasigau, which was occupied by the enemy on December 6, has now been abandoned by them.

AIR RAID ON SALONIKA.

PARIS, Feb. 2.—To-night's official communiqué states:—

On the night of January 31 a Zeppelin dropped several bombs on Salonika. Two projectiles fell on the Greek Prefecture and a third on the Salonika Bank, which was completely burnt.

The civilian victims were eleven killed and fifteen injured. Two soldiers were killed and one injured. An enemy aeroplane was brought down by one of our machines.—Reuter.

BRITISH HOLD A STRONG POSITION ON TIGRIS

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

DUBLIN, Feb. 2.—An official communiqué regarding the operations in Mesopotamia says that General Aylmer's force holds a strong position on the Tigris.

The recent floods have rendered a forward movement impracticable.

General Nixon, who has handed over his command, will shortly return home.—Reuter.

ASTORIA, Feb. 2.—According to a report from Constantinople, fighting has occurred between the Russian forces and 14,000 Persians near Saweh.

The Russians had to retire, and the Persians captured some guns, 850 rifles, eight motor-cars and hospital equipment.—Central News.

300 BOMBS DROPPED IN THE BIG RAID.

Death Roll, Increased to 59, Includes 26 Women and Children.

14 HOUSES DESTROYED.

The following statement on the air raid was issued last night by the War Office:—

The utterly inaccurate report in the Berlin official telegram of February 1, which purported to describe the effect of the German air raid on the night of January 31, affords a further proof of the fact that the raiders were quite unable to ascertain their position or shape their course with any degree of certainty.

Casualties.—A number of cases of injury, mostly slight, have been reported since the previous figures were issued, and there have been two or three more deaths.

The figures now stand as follows:—

	Killed.	Injured.
Men	35	51
Women	20	48
Children	6	2
	59	101

Damage.—One church and a Congregational chapel were badly damaged and a parish room wrecked.

Fourteen houses were demolished and a great number damaged, mainly by the doors, window-panes, etc., being blown out.

TWO FACTORIES DAMAGED.
Some damage, not very serious, was caused to railway property in two places; only two factories, neither being of military importance, and a brewery were badly damaged, and two or three other factories were damaged slightly.

Bombs Dropped.—The total number of bombs discovered up to the present exceeds 300.

Many of them fell in rural places where no damage was caused at all.

BRITISH DRIVE BACK FOE SURPRISE ATTACK.

Hostile Sentry Shot and Grenades Thrown Into Position.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The following telegraphic dispatch was received last night from General Headquarters in France:—

Feb. 2, 9.28 p.m.—Last night one of our patrols, after shooting the hostile sentry, threw hand grenades into a hostile post established at the northern end of Frise.

At about 11.30 a.m. to-day the enemy attempted a surprise attack against our trenches about the Tignes-Palken road.

The attack was not preceded by any artillery bombardment, and was easily driven back by our fire.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)
PARIS, Feb. 2.—To-night's official communiqué states:—

In the Artois there was rather active mine fighting in the neighbourhood of the Lille road. Our artillery fire caused three explosions in the enemy batteries in the region of Vimy.

To the north-west of Arras the German troops on the march were surprised by our gun fire.

In Champagne we bombarded the works of the enemy to the north of Souain. In the Woëvre there was effective firing against two mine-throwers signalled to the north-west of Flirey.

In Lorraine, at Hill 423, east of Senones, our batteries demolished an enemy blockhouse. There was cannonading on the rest of the front.

Exchange.
PARIS, Feb. 2.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

Between the Avere and the Aisne our artillery fired upon some convoys in the region of the Forêt de Souvigny, as well as upon a train which was leaving Assigny.

In the Argonne we exploded a mine at Hill 285 (Haute Chevauchée).

In Alsace our batteries blew up a munitions depot on the outskirts of Orbey (south-west of the Bonhomme).

In the region of Sondernach (south of Munster) the Germans captured one of our listening posts from which a counter-attack immediately drove them.—Central News.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

German Main Headquarters reported yesterday as follows:—

The enemy artillery has assumed great activity in some sectors in Champagne and east of St. Die (in the Vosges).

The town of Lens has again been shelled by the enemy (Lens is the key to Lille).

A large French aeroplane hit by our anti-aircraft fire fell down south-west of Chaunay. The occupants were injured when taken prisoners.

Eastern Theatre of War.—A strong Russian detachment was attacked by a German reconnoitring party on the Wieselucha, south of Huchelwa Wola (between Stochod and St. Kri), and wiped out.—Wireless Press.

THE RETURN OF THE FOLLIES TO LONDON: A BRIGHT "SHOW."

S.P. 1709 J.



The arrest of the necklace thief. The company are paying a welcome visit to the Coliseum this week.

S.P. 1709 J.



The tenor and the soubrette.



The fireman and the cleaner.

The new chief is Mr. Dan Everard, who is seen as the fireman and the tenor. Like his wife, Miss Dollis Brooke, he is one of the original Follies. Miss Brooke is seen as the soubrette and the cleaner.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

MILITARY WEDDING.



Lieutenant A. P. Laughland and Miss Margaret McIntosh, who were married at Edgbaston.

PLAYING IN "TINA."



Miss Dorothy Waring, who is playing Tina at Edinburgh. She was Miss Phyllis Dare's understudy.

TO WED THIS WEEK.



May, daughter of Major Frank Bowater, and Lieutenant W. O. C. Johnsen, to be married on Saturday.

A JERSEY CEREMONY.



The Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey decorates Lance-Corporal Ball with the D.C.M.

WOMAN CHEMIST.



Serving a customer at a chemist's shop at Clapham, which is run entirely by women.

Why We Shall Win

By the Rev.
J. D. JONES, D.D.

Sunday and The War

By
BISHOP WELLDON

Two straight-from-the-shoulder articles

In This Week's

SUNDAY COMPANION

One Penny



Ready

in a moment

The sustenance OXO gives, and the economy it effects are out of all proportion to its cost.

OXO forms an ideal light luncheon. It is made in a moment, and with bread or biscuits sustains for hours.

Its use in the kitchen economises meat.

OXO

OXO Ltd., Thames House, London, E.C.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1916.

AGAIN—THE TWO PEOPLES.

DURING the last few days the Paris *Temps* has published, over the signature Hendrik Hudson, a series of articles that seem to be the most thorough and widely documented analysis yet given to the world of the state of public opinion in Germany.

The latest of the series (published on Monday) deals with the German Press and with all other means of information in Germany while the war lasts. The conclusion might have been expected. It amounts to this—that there is not, there cannot be, any public opinion in Germany.

There is a State-made opinion, an instilled attitude, a Prussian doctrine. That is all. The writer, after a search in vain for any source whereby the masses in Germany could get a hint of the situation as it really is, ends up very impressively:—

Without a Parliament, without newspapers, the German people tramps on, in utter darkness, across this fearful European catastrophe. It goes on, ignorant of everything, blindly feeling its way, towards perils about which nobody dares to warn it.

Nobody?

The writer earlier summarises the history of Maximilian Harden, since August, 1914.

At that date, you remember, Harden, in his paper, *The Future*, was the most convinced exponent of the bloodthirsty bull attitude, then not only official, but popular, typical, in Germany. He bitterly reproached those fumbling and apologetic Germans—shadows of the Bethmann-Hollweg type—for trying to find excuses for German intentions and German brutality. "The wrong we are committing?" "Nonsense"—from Harden—"no wrong, since our wrong is sacred right! Excuses for the war? But we wanted the war! We worship it! We've always wanted it! And, now that we've got it, why in the name of Gott and Zarathustra should we find excuses for it?"

Also *sprach*—so spake Maximilian Harden, in the autumn of 1914.

And now Maximilian Harden is said to be in exile: *The Future* has deserted Germany and is hiding in Switzerland. Why?

Because, since the spring of 1915, Harden has continued telling the truth he began telling in August, 1914. Only now the truth has changed. Then, mark, it was the truth as the Prussian caste agreed with it; and his truth coincided sufficiently with theirs. Gradually the two truths diverged. Harden proclaimed, in the autumn of 1915 in a Berlin lecture, that the situation for Germany was grave. Exit Harden.

And his was the only voice raised in that "utter darkness" through which the blinded people stumble. With bandaged eyes, till the end, they will stumble on, led by Moloch. A new cartoon for M. Raemackers!—after Dürer. The German Knights—and Death.

Till the end. But what end?

That will almost entirely depend on the courage and resolution with which our people here in England insist upon knowing that truth, applicable to ourselves, which is being hidden, as applicable to Germany. The more their leaders hide from them, the more our leaders must trust us. Let our Hardens speak freely! We want to hear them, because we want to win.

It is the main difference; after all, between the two peoples.

They are led—can only be led—by their rulers to an end no one can foresee. We have to lead our rulers; who, without public opinion, would rely on "wait and see." On and see nothing!—for Germany. On, but with full vision!—for us. W. M.

THE SUMMONS.

Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more; Or close the wall up with our English dead! In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man As modest stillness, and humility; But when the blast of war blows in our ears, Then imitate the action of the tiger; Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood;—Shakespeare ("Henry V.")

MY ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT WAR.

ITS EFFECT UPON THE LIVES OF MY OWN CLASS.

By A SHOP GIRL.

I SHALL never forget the Saturday before that Bank Holiday if I live till I draw my last breath. I had sent my basket trunk on by Carter, Paterson. The arrangement was that my friend, Miss Hammond (from the millinery establishment next door but two) and myself were to catch the morning service and go across by way of Dieppe and Newhaven.

I came up by a No. 3 omnibus from the White Horse. At Kennington Park who should sit down alongside of me but Mr. Challin. He spoke very gravely about Continental affairs. "But I've said good-bye to mother," I urged. "Go back home and say 'How d'ye do' to her."

Miss Hammond and I talked it over in the

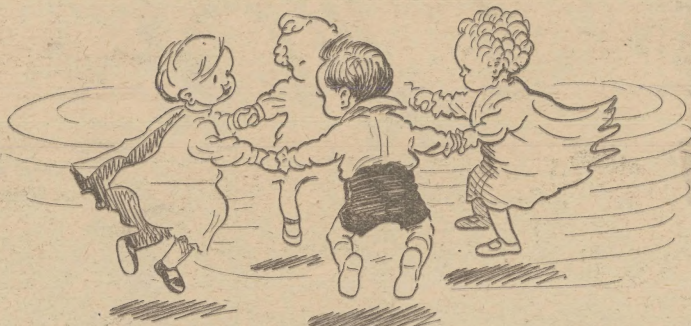
Christmas, but I was allowed to stay on at half wages, which meant nine shillings a week. Miss Hammond told me one morning that she was moving heaven and earth to induce Mr. Challin to join, and I told her it was a pity she took so much on herself. Mr. Challin enlisted, and I recollect I nearly cried my eyes out until I had a very jolly note from Wellington Barracks in which he said that he was doing it mainly for my sake. I started going on an evening to help a young lady I know with the Girl Guides. (This work I am still doing, and I like it.) We became economical at home, and mother began to talk about letting.

"FROM SOUTH GERMANY."

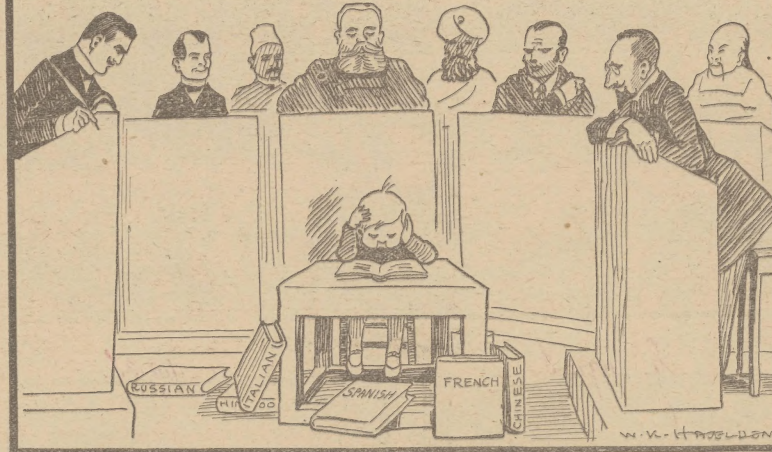
In October of that year the police called and took the manager away. He had always said he was a Pole, but apparently he suffered from defective memory; it is only fair to add that he came from South Germany, and had fought against the Prussians in the sixties. His wife, an Englishwoman, came from Brondesbury that same day, and convulsed the staff. The others were in favour of shutting down, but I said: "Look here! The working classes are doing

THE CHILD AND THE WAR.—No. 6.

IT IS JUST AS WELL FOR THE CHILD OF TODAY THAT HE CAN PLAY ALL UNCONSCIOUS OF—



— THE FUTURE WHICH THE GROWN-UPS ARE PLOTTING FOR HIM !



People keep on advocating the teaching of foreign languages in schools in order that we may not be behindhand in the coming trade war. But if all the languages suggested as indispensable are taught "the child" will have a bad time of it!—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

booking office, and when I told her who had given the advice, she agreed to postpone starting until the Monday. That was the day, if you remember, the Germans entered Belgium.

I have never been near any holidays since.

On the Tuesday morning I went back to business to see whether I could be of any use. The manager was in tears and said the war meant ruination to the jewellery trade. He told us all what he would do to the German Emperor if he could get near him.

That week we scarcely had a customer in the place; very few people stopped to look at the windows. Some of the other shops had their foreign names painted out. The banks were shut, you remember, and I felt very glad I'd got the cash at home that I had saved to pay for my holidays. I decided that if the worst came I should take mother away to the village in Wiltshire where she originally came from. I had a trying evening with her towards the end of the month, when she caught sight of a placard, "France fighting for its life."

The staff was reduced in number before

very well just now. Why not cater for them?" The manager's wife had the sense to agree to pay me twenty-two and six a week and a commission on the takings.

My sister's husband went down in H.M.S. Bulwark, and the wisest stroke I ever did was to ask her to come along and help. The gentlemen assistants had gone because they objected to the change in the style of the business. We stocked a wrist watch at seven and six that sold like hot cakes. We got pendant lockettes as fast as Birmingham could supply us; I wore a G. G. one with a photograph. We did well in cheap brooches and in military badges. At the present time we are doing better than ever, although we are selling no rings or bracelets, or any of the old stock.

I wish to add that I have had times of anxiety—there are people who could write a book about it—but somehow I feel none the worse. I am more steady. I do not laugh so much as I used to, but I am cheerful enough. I know I am much more important than I used to be.

HOW TO SAVE.

LITTLE WAYS IN WHICH WASTE CAN BE PREVENTED.

BEGIN AT HOME!

THERE is an old adage which says "charity begins at home"; but I think that we might well change the first word and say instead, "economy begins at home." If each household were to make out a list of things that could be done without, and ways in which small economies could be effected, I am sure that it would be surprising to find how long the list would be.

I have been making out my list of small ways in which we can prevent waste in our own little home; and every day I am adding to it. It would take too much room to give the full list here; but in it are included clean half-sheets of notepaper, pieces of string, remains of night-lights, candle-ends, empty match-boxes.

These three latter all help to light a fire, and therefore save the firewood and coal. The clean half-sheets of notepaper we can use for short notes, instead of using only one side of a whole sheet of writing-paper for writing a brief letter. I also now have my letters type-written, on both sides of the sheet, instead of leaving one side blank and taking a second sheet for a fresh page.

The newspapers and circulars are collected every day, and tied up in bundles ready to be sent to one of the waste paper depots.

If such small savings and economies were practised in every household and in every kitchen, office, and hotel and public institution in England, imagine what the saving would be. I believe, if many of the things that are now thrown away in dustbins, paper baskets, and down the sinks and the "shoots" of flat kitchens, were saved and put to proper use, that it would mean the saving of thousands of pounds for our country's use.

If we all begin to practise small economies in our homes, with thoughtful consideration for the workers and wage-earners as well, it will be a good deal of training for the householders and housekeepers of England; and I hope the time will never come again when economy and the spirit of carefulness will be called "meanness" by the ignorant ones.

HALLIE EUSTACE MILES.

WASTE PAPER.

WE are told to save all our waste paper, which has now become valuable, but, with the exception of old newspapers, there is no suggestion what we ought to do with the rest.

Before the war the Salvation Army vans collected waste paper twice weekly in this district, but that stopped with the war.

The sanitary authorities then sent round printed requests that it was not to be put in the dustbins. We have no convenient place for a bonfire, and burning it in the kitchen grate made the chimney get dirty sooner than usual. The maid now burns it up daily in a coal hod.

As a result, however, a medical man, still gets many circulars and pamphlets, and, in addition, there are letters and wrappings from parcels. If some scheme could be devised for collecting all waste paper it would be a great boon. L. D.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 2.—Many of our native woodland flowers should be grown in the garden. One of the prettiest of these is the dainty woodruff.

It is a low-growing plant, and in May its bright green leaves are dotted with small white flowers.

The stems and leaves of woodruff, if dried in the autumn, give off a fragrant, hay-like perfume. *Amurea seiosa* is an annual asperula with blue flowers. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The strength of a man's virtues must be measured, not by his extraordinary efforts, but by his ordinary life.—Pascal.

"PARTICULARLY WANTON AND STUPID": PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH



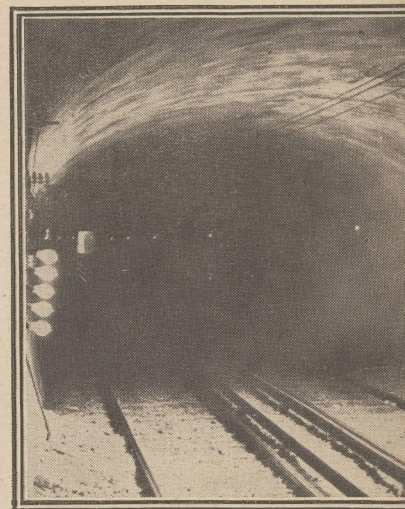
Damage at the back of a house. One account says that the gasbags fired aerial torpedoes.



A hole made by a bomb in the Rue de —.



Where refugees from the invaded departments were living. There were several victims here.



The hole made by a bomb in the roof of the —.



Houses which vanished. This photograph gives an idea of the havoc bombs can make.

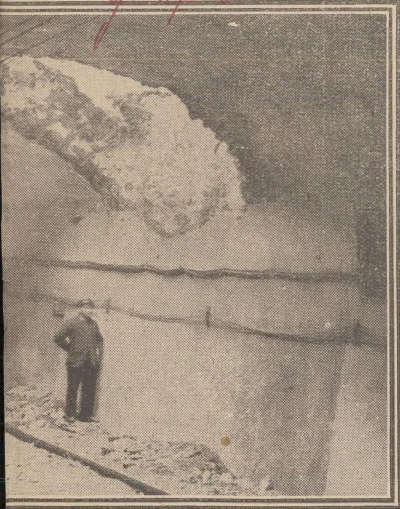


Hole torn in a street. The

On account of the mist and the darkness of the night it was obviously quite impossible for the Zeppelin to locate any points of military importance, and the Press describes the

raid as "particularly wanton and stupid." The bombs, which were of a very powerful character, all fell in a quarter inhabited mainly by working class people. Two of the

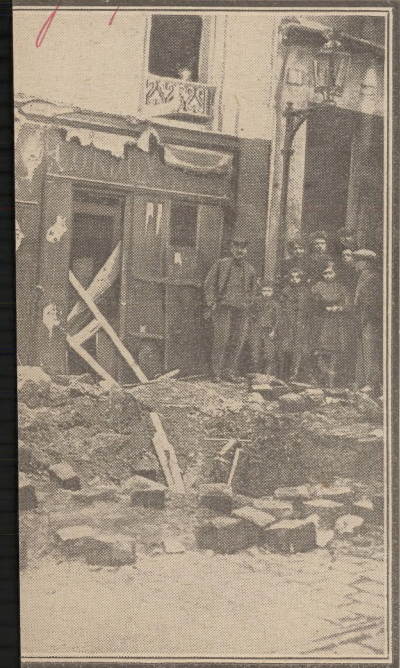
HOW WHY THE PEOPLE OF PARIS ARE ASKING FOR REPRISALS.



and railway. The debris has been cleared away.



The pot of flowers was undamaged. The daughter of the house is keeping it as a relic.

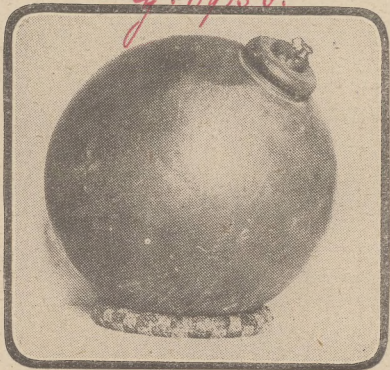


granite setts and part of the pavement.

remained absolutely calm, and declined to be intimidated. Nevertheless, there is a definite demand for reprisals. One bomb completely pierced the roadway and tube of the



One of the ruined houses. Note how the bed is hanging over the floor.



A 2cwt. bomb which did not explode. It will provide another relic of the raid.



Standing amid the wreckage after the visit. Metropolitan Railway near a station. Fortunately, a train which was crowded with passengers had just passed by.

My Tired Feet Ached for "TIZ"

How glorious, how grand TIZ makes tired, swollen, sore, perspiring feet feel."



"Just couldn't wait to take my hat off!"

Just take your shoes off and then put those weary, shoe-crinkled, aching, burning, cramped, bunion-tortured feet of yours in a TIZ bath. Your toes will wriggle with joy; they'll look up at you and almost talk and then they'll take another dive in that TIZ bath. TIZ is grand—it's glorious. Your feet will dance with joy; also you will find all pain gone from coris, hard skin, bunions and chilblains. There's nothing like TIZ. It's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause foot torture.

Get a 1/4 box of TIZ at any chemist's or stores—don't wait. Ah! how glad your feet get; how comfortable your shoes feel. You can wear shoes a size smaller if you desire.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADDELPHI. A New Musical Play. TINA. Tonight, at 8. Mat. Wed. and Sat., at 2. GODFREY TEARLE, PHYLIS DAKE, W. H. BERRY. Box office, 10 to 10. Feb. 2, 1916, 8299 Ger.

AMBAZADORS. "MORE," by Harry Gratton. Evgs. 8.30. Mat. Weds. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

AROLD—OSCAR ASME and LILY BRANT in THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. Evgs. 8.15. Mat. Sat. 2.30. NEXT WEEK, Mat. Daily, 2.30; Evgs. 8.15.

COMEDY. Lessee, Arthur Chudleigh (23rd time tonight) Evgs. 8.30. Mat. Weds. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30. SHELL OUT! by Albert de Courville and Wal Pink. FRED KENNEDY and strong cast. SMOKING PERMITTED.

CRITERION. "The George Bernard Shaw Production." BETTY. Today, 2.30 and 8.30. Mat. Weds. Thurs. Sat., 2.30. TO-DAY, 2 and 8. Mat. Weds. Thurs. Sat., at 2. Winifred Barnes, Gabrielle Ray, C. M. Lowe, Lani de Pree, Donald Calhoun and G. P. HUNTLEY.

DRURY LANE. PUSS IN BOOTS. Evgs. 7.30. Mat. Mon. Weds. Thurs. Sat., 1.30. George Graves, Will Evans, Florence Smithson. Box-office, Tel. 2598 Gerrard.

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Gaiety. Evgs. 8.0. Mat. Sat., 2.15. TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT. GEO. GROSSMITH and Gaiety Co. GARRICK, 8.30. Mat. Weds. Thurs. Sat., 2.30. "TIGER SCUB." BASIL GILL and WALTER TROTTER.

GLOBE. Daily, 2.30. Evgs. Weds. Thurs. Sat., 8.15. Miss MOY MANNING in THE M. M. M.

HAYMARKET. At 2.30 and 8.15. WHO IS HE? HE'Y KINLEY. Mat. Weds. Thurs. Sat., 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY. MRS. PRETTY. MR. THE PREMIER. A Comic Play of Australian Life, by Arthur H. Adams. TODAY, 2.30 and 8.15. Mat. Weds. Thurs. Sat., 2.30.

ARTHUR BOURCHIER. Kyrle Hellawell.

LYRIC. DORIS KEANE in ROMANCE. Evgs. 8.15. Matines, Wed. and Sat., 2.30. OWEN NARES. A. E. ANSON.

OPERA SEASON. SHAPTESBURY. At 7.45. CAVALIERIA RUSTICANA, PAGLIACI and L'ESPOIR. DANCE. L'E. DESERT. SAT. 2.30. BRITIC. Sat. Mat. BUTTERFLY. Sat. Evgs. TALES OF HOFFMANN. Prices, 10s. 6d. to 1s. 6d. Ger. 666.

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PLAYHOUSE. At 8.30. Mat. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. CHARLES HAWTREY and GLADYS COOPER in a new play, PLEASE HELP EMILY, by H. H. Harcourt.

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PERCY HUTCHISON. MARRIE ILLINGTON. At 2.30 and 8.15.

QUEEN'S. "OH LA LA!" To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Mat. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

ROYALTY. THE MAN WHO STAYED HOME. DENNIS EADIE. Every Day at 2.30, and Weds. Thurs. and SATS., at HALF-PRICE FIVE.

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SAVOY. At 2.30 and 8.15. MR. H. B. IRVING. THE CASE OF LADY CAMERON, by H. A. Vachell. Every Evening and Mon. Weds. Thurs. Sat., at 8.45.

STRAHD—POPULAR PRICES. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Mat. Weds. Thurs. Sat., at 8.30.

WV. Every Evening at 8.30; curtain falls 10.45. MATHEWSON LONG. Sholeys and Mr. W. LILLIAN BRATHWAITE as Porth and Mrs. Gregory.

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VAUDEVILLE. H. Gratton's Revue, "SAMPLES." Evgs. 8.30. Mat. Thurs. and Sat., 2.30.

WYNDHAMS. At 8.15. THE WARE CASE. Gerald du Maurier and Marie Lohr. Mat. Weds. Sat., 2.15.

ALHAMBRA. Varieties, 8.15. Alfred Lester and Co. in Simpson's "Sings." Revs. "NOVUS THE TIME!" at 9.40. ADELING GENE, J. P. McArdie, Phyllis Monkman and Les White. Doors, 8. Matines, Weds. and Sat., at 1.15. Doors, 2.

HIPPONDOME. London—Twice Daily, 2.30, 8.30 p.m. New Revue. SEVILLE. KELLINGHAM.

HARRY TATE. YETTA BIANZA, BERTRAM WALLIS, GEO. CARVEY, Edna Morgan, and George Beauty Chorus.

PALACE. "BRID. A. BRAD." (at 8.30). at 8.30. MARY MILLAR. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR. GWENDOLINE BROCK. NELSON KEYS. TEDDIE GERRARD. A. STON GIBARD. GINA PALERME. Varieties, at 8. MAT. Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.

PALLADIUM. 8.40 and 9.0. ELLA RETFORD, JACK and EVELYN JAY LAURIER, ERNE MANN. SHIELDS. ALBERT WHITE. MARY SCOTT. T. T. DUNVILLE. SAMMY SHIELDS. FOUR ASCOTS. BRAD SHAW BROS. 8.30, 9.0, 9.30.

MASKED MEN'S MYSTERIES. St. George's Hall—43rd Consecutive Year in London. CLEAN FUN and PRO. POUND MYSTERY. At 8.15 and 8.16 to 5a. Children half price. Phone 1645 Mayfair.

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BARBY'S Long coats; 50 pieces, 21s.; lovely and good; instant approval. Mrs. H. H. H. Kellingham. FINEST NET, full size, 1s. 10d.; but free; combinations purchased. 21s. 4d. 41. Museum Lane. 1.000 LACE barettes, 1s. each; gift included free. Manager, 49, Station-st., Nottingham.

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Acute Nerve and Stomach Trouble Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.



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Mr. Norman Clayton, 22, Trafford Avenue Harehills Lane, Leeds, says: "I had an unnatural craving for food, but instead of feeling better for what I ate, it only made me uncomfortable. There was always a sinking feeling at my stomach, and latterly acute pains and flatulence. Wind used to gather around my heart and in my body, causing intense suffering. When not in pain I was always drowsy and tired. I had no heart for work, no interest in anything, and my nerves were so shaken that I was irritable and moody."

"All sorts of indigestion mixtures I tried, but none of them did any real good. Sometimes I felt a little easier, but never for long. The old trouble always returned. Then on advice I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and after a few doses felt easier. As I continued taking them I grew stronger and healthier daily, and am now completely cured."

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Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems. In old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for—

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN SLEEPLESSNESS MALNUTRITION
NERVE PARALYSIS WASTING DISEASES
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Specialty valuable for nursing mothers and during the critical periods of life. Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Prices 1/-, 1/3, and 3/-, the 3/- also being the most economical.

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Send your name and address and two penny stamps for postage, etc., to Dr. Cassell & Co., Ltd. Box B.P. 33, Chester Rd., Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free.

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A 2d. packet makes 1½ pints of Rich Nourishing Soup.

In six varieties:—Ox-tail, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Green Pea, Lentil, and Pea (Tomato 2½d.)

2½ SOUPS

Why go to your daily toil

with your system clogged with undigested waste and fermented food which should be discarded and removed from the body? Why go to business with a dull headache, with vitiated palate, and tainted breath? For 1/3 you can obtain a bottle of

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which will quickly put you right. FICOLAX is a delicious Fruit Laxative—gentle, yet prompt in action—the ideal remedy for business men and women. There is nothing like it for cleansing the stomach. Ficolax being highly concentrated, is far more economical than other so-called Fruit Laxatives.

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PERSONAL.

MABEL—Sergeant D.—recommends Sanitas Anti Vermin Paste. Be sure to send me a box—Arthur. GUNNER HAROLD ASHWORTH—Communicate your address in this column. Eagerly awaiting—R. STRAYED from Speakers' Court, Westminster, Jan. 26, white West Highland terrier. If returned to above address £2 2s. reward given.

"*The above advertisements are charged at the rate of eight words 4s. and 6d. per word afterwards. Trade advertisements in Personal column right words 6s. 8d. and 10d. per word after; name and address of sender must also be sent.—Address: Advertisement Manager, 'Daily Mirror,' 25-29, Boulevard, London."

DEATH.

GREEN—In loving memory of my dear husband, Frederick Charles, of the 1st Batt. K.O.V.L.I., who was killed in action at Ypres, Feb. 2, 1915. He lives in our hearts.

THIS BEAUTIFUL 9-ct. GOLD SHELL RING,



engraved with any Regimental or Naval Crest, either Ladies' or Gent's sizes, for P.O. 2s. 6d. Guaranteed for 5 years or Hall-Marked Gold Ring 12s. 6d. It is made by SIMS & MAYER, which is a sufficient guarantee as to its wearing quality. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue of gold shell Jewellery. To get the size cut a bit in a piece of cardboard to fit tightly over the knuckle of your finger.

ADDRESS: SIMS & MAYER, (Dept. M), 52, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.



For the Nurse

Now so many ladies are engaged in nursing our wounded soldiers they find it a matter of considerable difficulty to keep their hands nice. The continual use of water and disinfectants ruins the skin and makes the hands rough and harsh. The way to avoid this trouble is to apply a little La-rola every time the hands are washed.

BEETHAM'S

La-rola



La-rola is a delicately scented toilet milk, neither sticky nor greasy, and is easily absorbed by the skin. It is very economical to use, a good sized bottle costing only 1/4d. You can get it at Boots', Harrods', Whiteley's, Selfridge's, Army & Navy, Lewis & Burrows', Timothy White's, Taylor's, and all the principal chemists and stores.

PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly IMPROVED by just a touch of La-rola Rose Bloom, which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives the BEAUTY SPOT!

Boxes 1/-, M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

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GREAT

OPTICAL SALE

ENCOURAGED by the success attending our previous great Sales, during which over 50,000 satisfied clients expressed their approval of the service we rendered by the aid of our new system of adapting glasses for all forms of sight deficiencies, we are again repeating this Offer for the Month of February, 1916.

WE TEST YOUR And fit you with Half-Guinea Rolled Gold Frames and Lenses for



4/7 EYESIGHT FREE Postage 3d.

Reading or Distance Glasses, fitted with highest quality Crystal Lenses for 4/7. Satisfaction guaranteed. Money refunded during sale if not perfectly satisfied.

If we guarantee the frames to retain their colour for fifteen years; fit them perfectly to your eyes, and give you five different sizes to choose from.

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Leather-covered Cases 6d. each. Postage on all Glasses 3d.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., Opticians HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

DO NOT MISS READING THIS SPLENDID STORY LOVE ME FOR EVER

By META
SIMMINS



Olive Chayne.

CHAPTER I.

OLIVE CHAYNE is day-dreaming by the fire. Far down in the fast-looked chamber of her heart an imprisoned memory that she would give the world to forget stirs restlessly.

She had been so certain that Rupert Heathcote loved her. So certain that he would ask with his lips for what he had already asked with his eyes—love, herself.

Her memories carried her back to a garden where a man and a woman had stood together in the magic dusk of a summer night. The Heathcotes had been giving a farewell dance to Richard Heathcote, Rupert's cousin, who was going out to West Africa to begin a new life.

Olive had never quite understood Dick. He is very different from Rupert, the man she loves. At times he has been very friendly with her—and then he has been almost a stranger.

Olive closes her eyes with a sense of sick shame as the web of memories spin out. Something had betrayed her secret to Rupert that night in the garden. She had showed him all her heart then—this man who had been really philanthropic all his time.

He had caught her in his arms and held her for a moment in a close embrace. Then almost as though he hated her he had put her from him. He had apologized and bidden her good-night—leaving her alone with her humiliation. Then she remembered how Dick had come across the lawn—a changed Dick. It was as though he knew. He had been splendid, and her sore heart had been soothed.

But through all she knew that there was only one man she loved—Rupert. And the end had come when a few weeks later he had gone out to join Dick.

As Olive Chayne sits there thinking a letter arrives. It comes from West Africa, and it is signed R. Heathcote. It is the first love-letter Olive Chayne has ever received, and in a very long time, she writes forward what it asks her to go out there and marry him.

Olive Chayne is changed. And so Rupert really loves her after all! She is filled with rapturous wonder.

As she is reading the letter again the telephone rings. It is her father. He tells her that he has important news, and that he will need all her help in a crisis in his life.

In a moment all Olive Chayne's hopes are dashed to the ground. She remembers that she promised her dying mother that she would always look after her father. With a breaking heart, she writes a letter back to Rupert Heathcote saying that she must refuse.

The next day she hears her father's news. It is that he is going to get married again. With a shock Olive realizes that she has made her sacrifice in vain. Without hesitating she sends a cable to Heathcote saying that the letter was a mistake and that she is coming out at once.

Olive Chayne arrives Omdura, a little town on the coast of West Africa. Rupert Heathcote meets her.

She comes forward casually, and begins to apologize for Dick's absence. He talks so much about Dick that the terrible thought is forced upon Olive that she has come out to marry the wrong man. A few more sentences from Dick, and she realizes that this is the awful truth—she has misread the signature in the letter.

She manages to deceive both Rupert and Dick for the time being, but all her horrors are revived when Rupert receives the letter which she had originally sent to him. He refuses to let her hear it back.

Olive and Dick are married. Later Dick tells her that he cannot accompany her to their home up country that night, and adds, to her horror, that Rupert will go with her.

THE CURTAIN IS RUNG UP.

"OLIVE, I'm most awfully sorry this hitch should have happened, dear," Richard Heathcote said.

He spoke tenderly, ashamed of the touch of irritation into which he had been betrayed by her persistence. It was because he longed so much to keep her with him that he steeled his heart against her plea. To delay the journey would be to sow the seeds of demoralization among the men; he knew that in the light of past experience.

"You mustn't think that I put everything before you—that I think more of my business than I do of you," he added. "But this deal is most important. If I don't wait for this man, some other trader will get hold of him, and for my wife's sake I must not allow myself to take risks."

The words, "my wife's sake," were soft as a caress. His eyes caressed her. For them both, for very varying reasons, the walls of the room had receded—the other people became as though they were not; for Olive even Rupert himself was

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

merged into a shadow—vast and monstrous and menacing.

"No—no, Dick," Olive said hastily. "Of course, I don't think that. You must not consider me in that way—I want to be a help to you, not a hindrance. But—"

The halting speech died wishfully. She had meant to speak of Rupert—to beg that their married life might at least begin alone. A third was always a mistake—Dick ought to know that. And such a third—

But the words would not come. She had not the right to speak them, that was what she felt. She must simply accept the conditions of this new life into which she was worming herself under false pretences—not presume to dictate them.

For the moment Dick did not answer her, save by the pressure of his hand on her arm.

To him, also, had come the impulse to mention Rupert—to apologise for the necessity for his presence in the house at Narakota. But he remained silent, partly out of loyalty to his cousin, partly because of the caution inherent in him, which warned him that it was inadvisable to emphasise a debatable point.

Besides, as he told himself hastily, once settled down, Olive would be only too glad of Rupert's society in the house. He would keep them from being dull, a very valuable thing in this country, where at times dullness and the morbidity that was born of solitude seemed to rise up like a mist out of the forests or some point of vantage from the swamps of the coast.

"After all, it will only mean separation for a little time," he said. "Twelve hours at the most. And then our new life together will begin."

Twelve hours! Twelve hours alone with this man who was watching them across the room—this man that she must tear out of her life forever, now that she was another man's wife.

"Oh, I'm afraid, afraid," she whispered, and the words were drawn from her in spite of her self.

"Afraid? Oh, no," Dick said. He smiled at her as he might have smiled at a frightened child. "You'll love it, Olive. You'll love it."

He began to speak to her of the strange haunting fascination of the forests where the wind roared high overhead perpetually, like the waves of the sea; of the strange life that woke and stirred in them in the night time, the sunlit plains that stretched about their house at Narakota.

And as she listened all the time Olive was aware of those watching eyes. They seemed to follow her as she listened to Dick's stories of the forest. She could see them gleaming there in the strange darkness, like the eyes of some beast of prey that crouched and waited.

"Oh, Dick, I can't."

She turned with a look of pleading, but her husband had turned away and beckoned to his cousin. In a second Rupert was at their side. She could hear Dick giving him rapid explanations as to their change of plans.

The others had left the room, leaving them alone. She could hear the sound of their voices on the verandah. It was intensely hot and the heat and the sunlit seemed to combine to torture her.

"What do you think of Dick's plan?"

At the sound of Rupert's voice Olive turned quickly. The heat had blanched her face, but the pallor enhanced the wistful beauty of her mouth, the delicate pencilling of her long straight brows. Her loveliness had never made so strong an appeal to the man, not even last night, when it had seemed like a revelation to blind eyes. He turned, almost guiltily, to Dick.

"I don't like it at all," Olive said, almost harshly. "I want Dick to let me wait for him."

"I think we should," he said.

It came to Rupert Heathcote that he would refuse to be the escort of his cousin's wife. Dick had no right to ask him to take this responsibility. Goodness knew how long he might be detained.

"Let's postpone it, Dick," he said. "It is much the best thing to do."

There was an angry note in Richard Heathcote's voice. He was a masterful man, and opposition always annoyed him. From the time that which his lips had settled Rupert knew that further argument was useless. He shrugged his shoulders. If Richard would not be warned, then the responsibility was his. He had lodged his protest.

That was Rupert Heathcote's usual attitude towards life. From the outside world strange sounds filtered in. The tramping of feet, the beating of drums, strange, syncopated music.

Dick drew Olive out on to the verandah. Below them the courtyard was filling with native figures in uncouth attire. As she watched some of the men began to dance, puffing and swaying grotesquely to the music.

"Those are the kroobos, our bearers and porters," Dick told her. "Their relatives have come to give them a send-off. You see, being, why I can't put off the journey. If I appear to be irresolute, or break my word, my authority with these people will be lessened. One learns the real value of a promise in dealing with natives."

He turned and smiled at her.

"Are your things ready or have you some packing to do?"

Halt to her own surprise she found herself quickly telling him that her things were quite ready.

"Mine are not, so I must leave you for a little time. Rupert will explain things a bit more to you."

But Rupert made no attempt to explain as

they stood together looking down into the court-yard. He did not turn or look at her, but presently, almost as though he spoke to himself, Olive heard him say:—

"So Dick has rung up the curtain."

The words repeated themselves in her brain. They were so true. All unwittingly Richard Heathcote had rung up the curtain on some drama of human life.

Was it to be tragedy—or farce?

A BROKEN SECRET.

OLIVE HEATHCOTE stood irresolutely inside her tent and wondered if she could ever have the courage to go outside and join Rupert Heathcote in the evening meal which was being prepared for them.

The first stage of their journey was accomplished. They had started in the cool, and pushed on to a suitable resting place for the night, here at the entrance to the forest, where the trees came out thinly to meet them, like the trees of an English wood.

It was brilliant moonlight. It pierced through the joints of the tent and lay about the ground in fantastic broken shapes at her feet. One spear-shaped shaft seemed to be pointing down at her as she stood with nervously clasping hands like the glory in some old picture.

The journey would be nothing, the girl told herself. The jolting fatigue of the litter, all the minor discomforts, all these were nothing. It was the halting times that she dreaded—these meals tete-à-tete with Rupert in the amazing solitudes.

With a desperate haste she thrust aside the flap of the tent and went out. It had to be faced. It would be worse if this man should guess that she was afraid of him.

For a few moments she stood in the shadow of the tent entrance. It was strangely lovely, this entrance to the forest. Like a cavern under the sea, the thought came to Olive. The moonlight striking through the roof of the leaves filled the aisles of the wood with a pale green twilight. Here and there the trunk of a tapering palm stood out, ricketed out with glittering lines of silver, or the foliage of an acacia, with the heavy night dew dripping from its delicate tracery, seemed as though hung with sparkling chrysolites.

Was this the forest she had dreaded—this scene from fairyland? Olive felt ashamed of her fears. Her face was touched with the pleasure of her vision as she went forward out of the shadow of the tent.

As she did so, she saw Rupert. He was stand-

ing by the fire that had been lighted, his tall figure blackly cut against the glow that seemed to kill the white light of the moon round about it and dye the trunks of the near trees a deep crimson.

Rupert spoke first. His voice had a curt note in it.

"Ah, you've come. I was afraid you were going to let our supper get cold. It smells remarkably good. I hope you're hungry."

After the first glance he did not look at her again.

"I am frightfully hungry," Olive said. She began to talk rapidly and nervously as she sat in the place he had prepared for her, a nest of rugs with the smooth bole of a tree for a resting place.

The man spoke little. Never for a moment while the meal lasted did the talk grow intimate. They might have been strangers whom Fate had thrown together in one of those accidents that are sometimes the lot of travellers.

Oddly enough, this fact increased, rather than lessened, Olive's nervousness. She was thus, presently, Rupert rose to his feet and asked her permission to smoke. She wondered how soon she could plead fatigue and slip back into her tent—and yet the loveliness of the night and the place called to her. It would be heart-breaking to have to shut herself into that stifling canvas cage.

"Come for a little walk in the forest before you turn in," Olive's man said looking down at her. The impulse to refuse—wisely refuse—was on her, but there was something in his eyes that made her powerless to refuse.

"Come, you mustn't be foolish," he told herself. "You have got to go through with this—not to-night only, but for weeks and months."

She tried to think of Dick and found the memory of him a shield, as she had found the sight of him a wound, when her senses had reeled at the touch of this man's lips.

Yes, that was it. She must simply remember that she was Dick's wife. And—Rupert, surely she might do him so much justice—he would remember it too.

"It will be quite safe," Rupert said. He smiled as he spoke as though he had read her thoughts, Olive thought, with a sudden flush, her fears that were not for the wild woodland things.

She sprang to her feet. Together they went on in silence. And as they went, the spell of the place, less potent, perhaps, than that spell of the forest of which Dick had spoken to her that morning, yet so strong, was upon Olive. It seemed as though she could hear the breathing and the sighing of the struggling trees, the stealthy movements of the wild night things. The green twilight deepened as they penetrated into the thickness of the trees.

"Olive," the sound of Rupert Heathcote's voice came very softly to her ears. "Do you remember the last time we stood in the moonlight together?"

(Continued on page 11.)

Your Complexion— Attend to it To-day

Ideal beauty is impossible without a perfect complexion. Whatever other constituents of beauty may be present, exquisite features, speaking eyes, lovely hair and tasteful dress, all are enhanced and enriched by a flawless complexion, peach-like bloom on the skin, white and rounded arms, neck and shoulders of ivory-like beauty. Alvin Crème de Beauté enables all who use it to preserve these priceless gifts and retain them as a lifelong possession. Even if the skin has in the past been neglected, Alvin Crème works wonders in restoring to it its lost freshness and charm. The complexion has so many enemies that Alvin Crème is not a luxury but a necessity to all who value their appearance and are determined always to look their best. It assists Nature to maintain the beauty and charm with which you were originally endowed, and the value of Alvin Crème as a complexion preserver and re-newer is proved by the enthusiasm with which it has already been received in Society's most exclusive circles.

ALVINA CRÈME

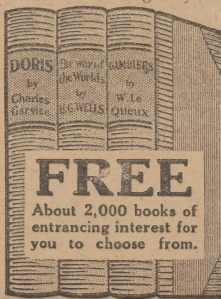
(Not Greasy and Vanishes)

It is as mild as whipped cream and contains nothing that can harm the tenderest skin, but everything that will soften and beautify it. Alvin Crème is unequalled as a massage cream for smoothing away lines, spots and wrinkles, and you should use it instead of soap and water if your skin is tender. Used before and after golfing, motoring, travelling or outdoor sports, it preserves the delicacy and daintiness of the complexion. Absolutely and entirely vanishes without leaving stickiness or greasiness behind, and is in short the one perfect toilet cream.

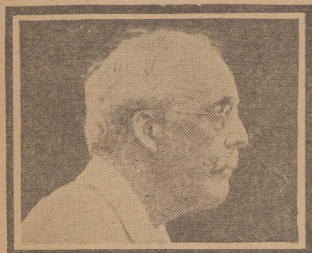
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We want to introduce Alvin Crème to every lady in the Kingdom, because we know that to use it once is to insist on having it always. We are therefore making a great free distribution of cloth-bound books by the world's greatest authors, including Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, Ruskin, Longfellow, Thackeray, Dickens, Charles Lamb, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope, Max Pemberton, W. W. Jacobs, Charles Garvice, and hundreds of others.

What you have to do to this—Go to your Chemist or store, or Boots Cash Chemists and procure a 1s. bottle of Alvin Crème and enclosed with it you will find a Catalogue of 2,000 books by 35 authors, from which you can make your selection. Sole English Depot—Alvin, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.



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you to choose from.



Mr. A. J. Ballour.

How "A. J. B." Keeps Fit.

I hear that Mr. Balfour is keeping fit by occasional game of lawn tennis on Lady Crosfield's hard courts. "A. J. B." is very fond of the game, of which, considering his age, he is a good exponent. It seems a long time now since he was playing on the Riviera with poor Anthony Wilding.

A Veteran Statesman.

I saw yesterday morning an unfamiliar figure for these days—Lord Morley. He looked most of his seventy-eight years, but his eye, with that humorous twinkle, was as bright as ever. Lord Morley has apparently his own way of turning up his trousers at the bottoms. The ends stand out all round like a saucer.

The Prince at "Brica-Brac."

The Prince of Wales looked in at the Palace Theatre on Tuesday night. He sat in one of the last rows of the stalls, but thoroughly enjoyed the performance of "Brica-Brac." Afterwards he came out to find that his car had been lost in dark London. So he drove home in a taxicab.

Mr. Sentry and the Premier.

I had a short chat yesterday with Mr. Fisher, who told me a quaint incident of his departure from Australia. Among the friends who had come to see him off to England was Mr. Hughes, the Prime Minister, who had neglected to provide himself with a military pass. He found a strict guard on the boat, who would not allow him on board in spite of his protestations that he was Prime Minister of the Commonwealth.

"Here's a Bloke!"

"Prime Minister or not," said the faithful soldier, "you don't come on this boat without a pass." Mr. Hughes protested, but all in vain, and at last the captain was called. "Here's a bloke, sir," explained the sentry, "what says he's the Prime Minister." Only then was Mr. Hughes allowed to go on board.

A Great Organiser.

I also had a few words with Mrs. Fisher, who comes to London with a well-earned reputation for organising ability. The talent will be employed to the fullest degree here, for London is the headquarters of the Australian War Contingent Association, which has the comfort of the Anzac soldiers as its special province; and one of the official duties of the wife of the High Commissioner is to preside over its committees of women.

Suffragette Squalls!

There are signs and portents that the suffragists are going to make themselves heard in the land again. I hear on too good authority that they are becoming very restless. Mrs. Tennant is one of the fiery brands, and one of her views is that too many women are getting tired of doing nothing and seeing their organisations going to pieces. Mrs. Despard herself, Viscount French's sister, is telling women not to accept the "gush and sentimental flattery poured on to them at the present time." So look out for squalls.

Only £400 More.

The organiser of our Nurse Cavell Memorial Fund, which, as you know, is to be devoted to the establishment of an Edith Cavell Home for Nurses attached to the London Hospital, tells me that only another £400 is now required to make up the total of £10,000 which *The Daily Mirror* undertook to raise.

Your Help Wanted.

Won't you help to raise the final £400? There are still some thousands of the portraits of Nurse Cavell on satin bearing a facsimile of her signature from the last letter she wrote home from Belgium, to be sold for the fund. Send to-day for a packet of fifty or 100 to dispose of among your friends at 3d. each, and send the money for them when you have sold all. Mark your application "Nurse Cavell Fund."

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

The Mansion House Reception.

I have never been sorry for a Lady Mayoress before, but I was on Tuesday. From three in the afternoon until six she never ceased shaking hands with civic dignitaries. It was her first reception. Very charming she looked in her brown cloth and sables, with a delightful velvet hat, but so tired by six o'clock! One of the men present who interested me most was Sir Charles Owens, who has been so busy helping the Lord Mayor's recruiting these last weeks.

Talk of Mrs. Pretty.

Sir George Reid's burly figure and humorous eyes arrested my attention as I halted for tea in the Egyptian Hall. He was talking to Lady Bell about the Australian play at His Majesty's. I didn't gather whether he thought Mr. Arthur Boucher's portrait of the Australian Labour Premier true to life or not, but he seemed to be very much amused.

The Lord Mayor as Commandant.

The Lord Mayor has consented to become honorary commandant of the newly-formed City of London Regiment, which consists of three battalions of volunteers. His lordship takes a great interest in volunteer work and, like Lord Rosebery, Colonel Randall and others that have followed the movement, suggests that the services of the irregulars will be used much more considerably in the future.

Bristol's Boy.

Here is a new portrait of Miss Sybil Arundale, who is just now breaking all records as the principal boy in the "Goody Two Shoes" pantomime in Bristol. This is the first boy.



Miss Sybil Arundale.

Miss Arundale has played since she was Jack in "Jack and the Beanstalk" in Australia. She was always a brilliant little artist from the days when she was one of the Sisters Arundale.

Fashion Openings.

A woman friend tells me that it is impossible to see the managers of any of the big dress-making and millinery firms just now. They are all in Paris waiting to view the shows, which open this and next week in the lovely salons there. Special leave of absence from military duties has been granted to the designers who are serving in the French Army.

The Tortoiseshell Comb.

How becoming is that large tortoiseshell and diamond studded comb to Lady (Arthur) Paget's style of hairdressing. She wears it dressed high on the head with thick coils crossing at the back, and the comb thrust on the left side makes a sufficient head decoration for the theatre in these days. I saw Lady Paget at the Garrick Theatre, and she seemed thoroughly to enjoy the thrills of "Tiger's Cub" and the splendid acting of Miss Madge Titheradge.

Woman's Way.

A woman war-worker friend of mine showed me in triumph yesterday a ticket, price 10s. 6d., for a woman's meeting at Sunderland House, the mansion of the Duchess of Marlborough. "Who are the artists?" I asked, thinking to show my sympathetic interest by a mild inquiry about the entertainment. "Bless you, there's no show!" she replied, with an air of astonishment. "It's just a working meeting, but we are all helping by paying half a guinea to attend." Woman is so practical.

Serb Premier's Visit.

Like all interested in gallant little Serbia, I am looking forward to the visit to London of M. Pasitch, the Serb Premier. He is expected to arrive here within a week.

What Clubs Are Discussing.

Clubland just now is discussing—apart from Zepps., of course—two topics. The amazing story of the Appam is the subject of hundreds of theories, each one stranger than the other. I had the mixed pleasure of sitting between two Americans yesterday evening who nearly came to blows on how the affair will affect President Wilson.

Konopisht.

If you want to shine in society as very deep and learned just now you talk about Konopisht. It is not something to eat, but a village in Bohemia. According to Mr. Wickham Steed—who knows more about Austria than almost anybody else in the country—it was at Konopisht that the Kaiser and the late Austrian Archduke began to plot, and as the result of the plot the old Emperor of Austria sort of winked at the assassination.

Furs Wanted.

I hear that the recent fur sales in London attracted a great number of professional buyers. The French particularly were very keen, and there is certainly no likelihood of low-priced furs this year.

A Saintly Golfer.

A correspondent informs me that on looking into the beautiful church of St. Cuthbert, Earl's Court, he found that a window in the south aisle represents the patron saint playing golf!

Scout Muniton Workers.

I met a scoutmaster yesterday whose troop is making munitions "somewhere" in the Home Counties. Apparently the troop's experiences have been varied. First they slept in huts, afterwards they were transferred to a workhouse, and now they enjoy their well-earned repose in an Elizabethan mansion!



Miss Bobbie Rutland.

Woman and the Dead.

This is Miss Bobbie Rutland, who is taking the principal part in the greatest cinema production yet attempted. It is adapted from a famous morality novel, and deals with the question, "Shall a woman keep faith with the dead?" Miss Rutland appeared with Mr. Oscar Asche at the Globe Theatre.

Good Audiences.

Theatrical managers were generally afraid that Zepp. rumours would have a devastating effect upon their audiences this week. I looked in at several variety theatres last night and found them splendidly patronised.

Another Double.

Did you notice the likeness that the late Sir Clements Markham bore to Lord Alverstone? It was really extraordinary.

When a Zeppelin Falls.

A friend of mine home from Russia who speaks of knowledge was telling me of the danger incurred when a Zeppelin falls. If on a block of houses the place becomes a roaring furnace and the gases have an immediate asphyxiating effect. A pleasant dilemma! Leave 'em up or bring 'em down?

The Young Heart.

"The heart of a schoolgirl," said the cynic in a moment of softness, "is like a love-letter unaddressed."

THE RAMBLER.

SOLDIER, NURSE AND—

SANAPHOS

MY ALLES

THE IDEAL RECONSTRUCTIVE NERVE FOOD

A VALUABLE RESTORATIVE IN NEURALGIA, NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA AND ANEMIA

TRIAL PACKAGE FREE TO READERS.

Every reader is asked to write for a trial package of the food that is doing such wonders for wounded, worn-out and nerve-shattered soldiers; rebuilding flesh, strength, nerve and brain-energy with a speed that is amazing, and aiding their restoration to perfect fitness.

"Sanaphos" (which is All-British, and must not be confused with German-owned preparations) is wholly digestible, and its benefit is felt almost at once. Besides restoring strength and muscle, it contains the elements wanted by tired, underfed nerves; elements not present in sufficient quantities in ordinary food.

If you wake up tired, if you are sleepless, run-down, nervous or depressed write to-day for this trial package. You will be amazed at the improvement after a few days of "Sanaphos." Mention that you are a reader of this paper, and the package will be sent to you free and post paid. The address is: The British Milk Products Co., Ltd., 69, Mark-Lane, London, E.C. Sir William Taylor, Surgeon-General of the Forces, is chairman of the company.

"Sanaphos" can now be had of chemists, in tins, from 1s. To avoid confusion with German-owned products, always emphasise the last part of the name—"SanaPhos."

Gout & Rheumatism

CURED BY

RADIUM

RADIUM resolves and expels the dreaded Crystals in uric acid complaints. "Radium" Pads, guaranteed (under £2000 penalty) to contain Radium and to retain Radio-activity for 20 years. Comfortable to wear, no other treatment required. No renewals. No further cost. Prices 3s. from **HARRIS, ARMS and NAY NURS, BARKERS, SELFIDGES, WHITCOP, and Boots Cash Chemists (all Branches),** or from **THE RADIOR CO., 187, Oxford Street, W.**

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BAKING POWDER
insist on having
BORWICK'S
The strongest, best &
most economical
in the world.

Any Acidity?

The symptoms commonly experienced are Heartburn, Flatulence, Dizziness, Palpitation, etc. Food is not being properly digested, and the body is not receiving sufficient nourishment. Though not a serious complaint, acidity indicates a condition that is not likely to right itself, and should not therefore be allowed to continue.

For relieving the stomach of acidity and thus helping digestion, Messrs. Savory & Moore strongly recommend Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, which they make from Dr. Jenner's original formula. Possessing exceptional antacid properties, they contain neither bismuth nor magnesia, are pleasant to take and quite harmless. It is significant that so many users of the lozenges think it worth while to put on record their experience for the benefit of others.

Mr. G. M. Price, of 5, Lawn Villas, Ramsgate, says:—"I feel it due to you to express my appreciation of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges. Their action in giving me almost instant relief from severe Heartburn and Acidity is marvelous. They are far above any other remedy I have tried."

Mrs. M. E. Hall, of 50, Dollis-road, Church End, Finchley, says:—"So highly do I hold them in esteem that I have not hesitated to recommend them to my friends, and in no single instance have the lozenges failed to give relief. My only regret is that I did not hear of them earlier. You are at liberty to use this should you think fit."

Boxes, 1s. 3d., 3s. and 5s., of all Chemists.

A FREE TRIAL BOX

of the lozenges will be sent to all who write, enclosing 1d. stamp for postage, and mentioning "The Daily Mirror," to Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond-street, London.

PIMPLES ON BOY'S HEAD

And Face. Child Very Ill and Irritable. Very Itchy. Soothed and Healed by Cuticura.

"My little boy's head and face became covered with a rash. This developed into a mass of little watery pimples which, upon bursting, formed into nasty sore eruptions. They made him very ill and irritable, and were also very itchy. They would come off leaving the flesh underneath bleeding."



"I was advised to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I did so. After using two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and two cakes of Cuticura Soap he was absolutely healed." (Signed) Mrs. Isabella McClellan, 9, Walnut St., Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, Eng., July 29, 1915.

SAMPLES EACH FREE BY POST

With 32-p. Skin Book. (Soap to cleanse and Ointment to heal.) Address postcard for samples: F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London. Sold everywhere.

LOVE ME FOR EVER

(Continued from page 9.)

"Oh, yes." Her answer was very swift and cold. Something in her heart cried out to her to beware. "At Dick's send-off dance, wasn't it?"

"Do you remember the garden and the scent of the roses and the swing of the waltz?" He began to hum a tune softly in his beautiful voice. "It plays in my head at all sorts of odd times, that waltz," he continued. "Yesterday, when you were being married to another man, Olive. Yesterday, when I kissed you—as I did not kiss you that night—when I held you in my arms in the moonlight... the maddening music of that waltz."

There was a throbbing note of passion in his voice. It cried out to her heart insistently, and, desperately, as a woman in an evil dream might cry out some holy name, she said over and over again to herself Dick's name.

"What a fool I was—to have you so fast and yet to have let you go," Rupert said. "Almost

as great a fool as Dick—to send you up here alone with me! Yet he didn't know what we know."

"Rupert—what on earth are you talking about? Do be sensible, please, and take me back. I am very tired."

She had found her voice at last. She looked at him bravely enough. She must pretend... brzen it out...

"Perhaps you think that I don't know?" he persisted. "But I do. There was no need for me to open your little letter. I read the truth in your eyes last night. You came out here to meet me. You thought—Olive—I know what you thought. You said that you thought I had asked you to come. Not Dick."

She tried to deny it. But the words faltered on her lips. She stood looking at him with eyes that burned with shame, here in the silent green twilight of the forest, with her pitiful broken secret lying between them.

There will be another fine instalment tomorrow.

By META SIMMINS

DANDRUFF MAKES HAIR FALL OUT.

"Danderine" Keeps Hair Thick, Strong, Beautiful.

LADIES! TRY THIS! DOUBLES BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR IN FEW MOMENTS.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No matter how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance, an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance.

Get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you certainly can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Sold and recommended by all chemists, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 3d. No increase in price.



NEWS ITEMS.

No State Opening.

In official circles no intimation has been received that the King will open Parliament on person on the 15th inst.

Relic of Buddha Found.

A bone, thought to be one of Buddha's bones, and other sacred relics, says Reuter, have been found at Taxile, near Rawal Pindi, India.

Empire Manager Resigns.

Owing to the expansion of his personal enterprises, Mr. Charles B. Cochran has resigned his post as general manager to the Empire as from next Saturday.

Moratorium for Conscripts.

The Exchange Telegraph Company states that the Government are considering the Bill which has been prepared by Sir Alfred Mond, M.P., providing for a moratorium in respect of the rents of conscripted soldiers.

Steamer in Collision.

A Lloyd's message from Deal yesterday states that the steamer Androm, which was in collision near the South Goodwin on Tuesday, has proceeded to the Thames for a further survey and repairs.

Wants News of Soldier Son.

Mrs. Bloodworth, 108, Cadogan-terrace, Victoria Park, N.E., asks for news of her son, Rifleman P. Bloodworth, Z 2881, Bomber, B Company, 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, missing since September 25.

TODAY'S BOXING CONTESTS.

Two fifteen rounds contests will be decided this afternoon at the Ring, to which wounded and convalescent soldiers and sailors will be admitted free. Chief interest will be centred in the meeting of Corporal Lew Probert (A.S.C. Wales) and Jack Lewis (Spitalfields), who recently returned from Australia. The other contest is between Seaman Williams (Sheerness) and Private Lane (15th Hussars).

At West London Stadium to-night there is a fifteen rounds contest between George Branne (Belgium) and Fred Jacks (Aldgate).

Yesterday's scores in the billiards tournament heat of 8,000 were: Smith, 4,196; Falkner, 4,112.

In a boxing contest in New York Jack Dillon knocked out Tom Cowley, says Reuter, with a right swing to the jaw in the second round.

Human and horse yesterday signed articles for a billiards match of 18,000. Reuse receiving 1,000 start, for £250 a side. The game will be played in London, commencing on March 26, and A. P. Peall will be the referee.

GERMAN BARBER FINED.

£50 Penalty for Making Statements Likely to Prejudice Recruiting.

Saying that he did not feel inclined to whittle the penalty down to any amount which was not substantial, Mr. Hopkins, at Bow-street yesterday, inflicted a fine of £50 upon Stanislaus Olszewski, fifty-six, a German, carrying on business as a ladies' hairdresser in Cranbourne-street, Leicester-square, who was charged with making statements likely to prejudice recruiting.

Olszewski had admitted writing a letter to the recruiting officer stating that he could not allow William Edward Pickance to join his Majesty's Forces. Two Englishmen employed by him had also received a similar letter.

William Edward Pickance said he joined the Army in December, and that he had a conversation with prisoner who said he did not wish him to join.

Prisoner said he was very foolish to give up his situation and join the Army.

On January 22 he was discharged by prisoner, Augustin Olszewski, son of the prisoner, said that his father had no real objection to his joining the Army, but that he was useful in the business, and that there was still time.

Prisoner, in the box, said that he registered as an alien enemy, but was later simply described as an alien.

He discharged Pickance because he had great influence over his son, and he wished to break off the relationship.

TWO GERMANS ESCAPE.

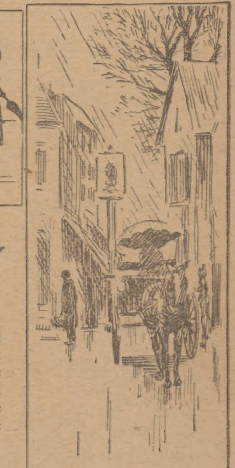
Scotland Yard last night issued the following description of two Germans who escaped from the internment camp at Dorchester during Tuesday night:—

1. Age twenty-two; complexion fair, dark brown hair, eyes blue; slight build; height 6ft. 2in.; has a mole on angle of right jaw, compound fracture of right thigh; walks lame with the aid of a stick.

2. Age twenty-three; complexion pale, hair dark brown, eyes grey; heavy build; height 5ft. 10in.; has scarred left side of nose. Both these men speak English and have friends probably residing in London.



Cherry Blossom Boot Polish. There is no large town or small village throughout the British Isles where this well-known notice is not displayed by some dealer, and the reason is not far to seek. The public will have their CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH. They appreciate its exceptional waterproofing and shine-producing qualities, and they know that it preserves the leather and prevents cracking. Cherry Blossom Boot Polish applied to the soles, as well as the uppers, makes the whole boot waterproof.



CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

is sold in three colours; Black or Brown, Tins 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d., and TONETTE, the new dark stain shade, which imparts a rich dark brown gloss to all tan leathers. Tonette is especially recommended for military equipments. Tins 2d. and 4d. Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.

After Armageddon: By Mr. Bottomley, in "Sunday Pictorial"

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"1, 2, 3, SWALLOW."



British soldiers dosing a horse with a pill at the front. They are of a much larger size than those administered to human patients.

SHE WEARS AN ARMLET.



Women who are on war work now wear an armlet. In the photograph soldiers are seen being welcomed at the Earl Roberts Rest House, near Euston.

CHILD'S CORDUROY COAT.



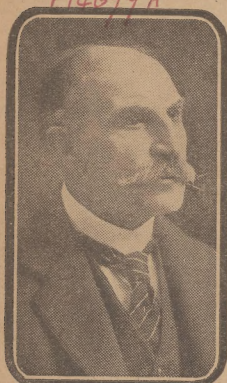
Blue corduroy spring model. The collar and cuffs, which are white, are of the same material.—(Underwood and Underwood.)

GEORGE GRAVES' GIFT TO THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS.



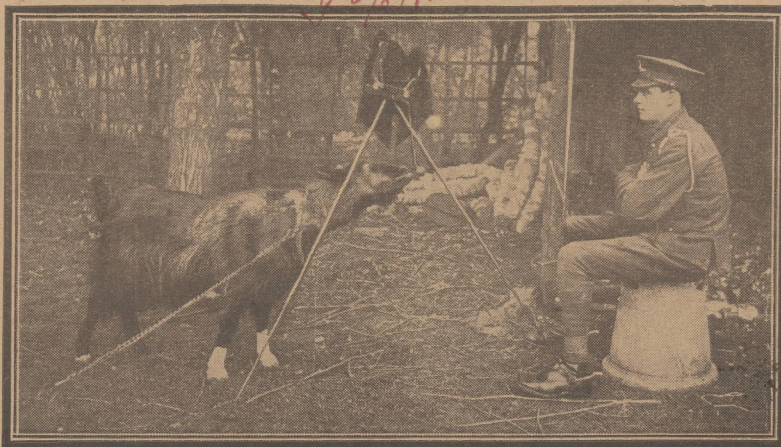
Mr. George Graves visits the Military Hospital, King-street, Hammersmith, in costume, and takes part in the first game on the new billiards table which he has presented to the institution.

SCOTLAND'S PREMIER BARON DEAD.



Lord Forbes, whose death has occurred at Edinburgh, and Lady Mabel Forbes, wife of Captain the Master of Forbes, who succeeds to the title. Lord Forbes was the premier baron of Scotland and chief of the clan Forbes. The first baron was raised to the peerage by James II. of Scotland.—(Lafayette.)

IT TURNED OUT TO BE AN EXCELLENT LIKENESS.



Those at home wanted a snapshot, so the goat kindly obliged by pressing the bulb.